

Down with the Clown

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Clowns, Deadlights, Dubious Consent, Eggpreg, Mind Control, Other, Oviposition, Reader-Insert, Tentacles, Xenophilia, coulrophila

Language: English

Characters: Pennywise (IT), Reader

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-20

Updated: 2017-09-20

Packaged: 2020-01-20 15:58:33

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,956

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After foolishly snooping around the Neibolt house on Halloween, you find yourself face to face with the Curse of Derry.

Down with the Clown

Author's Note:

My birthday present to myself (happy birthday to me). I've been waiting for this movie to come out for YEARS and boy is it GOOD (also been meaning to write more clown smut for a while now :/ thanks movie for getting my ass in gear). Anyway, here's a gross reader insert bc the ones I've been seeing are just... too fluffy for my tastes? Anyway, I wanted nastie alien sex and I'm sharing it with you. I'm sorry.

Head throbbing, you pulled yourself off a cold, dank concrete surface. Your eyes, still bleary, tried to make sense of your surroundings. What had happened? Where were you? Was this some kind of nightmare? There was no way; the pain you felt was very real at the moment. Amidst the constant lull of running water somewhere off in the distance, you heard... bells jingling? Very faint but gaining volume as if they were getting closer to you. Despite the dimness of your environment, you were able to clearly make out the figure that was approaching you.

The figure was tall, lanky, easily around seven foot in height. It was dressed in a dirty ruffled outfit, decorated with bright orange pompoms down the front and on the tips of the shoes. The costume looked as though it was from an era that must have predated you by at least a century. The skin of the figure that was exposed was caked in white, cracked greasepaint, except for the lips which were bright red with lines (a smile?) that trailed upwards past the eyes. The eyes, glowing, the color yellow as sulfur, were slightly askew but you could tell that they were aimed in your direction. There was no mistaking what you saw- the figure before you was a clown.

Not just any clown, no. You were certain it had to be *that* clown. You've heard the rumors around town regarding that clown. Legend had it that all the missing children of Derry were actually victims of him. No... not *him*... *It*. That monster was not possibly human. Terrible crimes, kidnappings, and murders that happened around

town had been pinned on the mysterious clown (not that the police or court bought it, of course). You recall hearing that it feasted on the flesh of the misfortunate youth. That was just a running joke of the town, right? A tall tale that kids shared amongst themselves over campfires. All of it was too strange to be true. Yet here you were, in what only smelled like a fucking sewer with a clown now looming over you. A clown that eerily fit the description of the stories.

You tried desperately to make sense of the situation you were in, of the clown and the sewer, but your mind was still fuzzy on all the details of how you got here. The last memory you had involved you and your friends foolishly exploring that creepy old house on Neibolt Street.

That's right, now you remembered.

Your group left a Halloween costume party and were feeling quite brave after a few drinks. You groaned inwardly at the irony in your situation, supposing it was perhaps karma for your poor choice in costume tonight.

A clown.

Fuck. You were *also* dressed as a clown, albeit a slutty one instead of a scary one. And your friends... shit. What had happened to them? Did they leave you here? At the mercy of this clown? Were they pranking you? Another glance at the clown and you decided that could not possibly be so. Your friends were idiots, but not malicious enough to pull a stunt like this. You panicked. The clown probably ate them, you concluded, and you were no doubt next in line. The clown was probably saving the best for last or hoping to torture you for being dumb enough to mock him in such a postposterous outfit.

The clown was close now, nearly on top of you. So close you could make out every strand of the fiery orange puffs of hair on its head. It was now or never. You were going to die anyway, no use in prolonging the inevitable. You finally spoke up.

"If you're going to eat me, j-just go ahead and get it over with."

There was a look in the clown's eyes that proved you surprised it

with your sudden boldness. Still a wicked smirk spread across its face at your words. “*Eat you?*” It laughed. Its voice was gruff, slightly goofy, but still insidious enough to send chills up your spine. “Oh ho ho, you’re *much* too ripe for my tastes.”

If you were honest with yourself, knowing that your death would not even be to provide nourishment to this monster stung your pride. As unpleasant as it was, at least you could at least see the logic in murder if it was going to devour you; that’s just a part of nature unfortunately and you had to be below it on the food chain. The thought that your death would be purely for sport made you nauseous.

Your nausea only increased as you noted that the clown was surveying your body. Its beady eyes seemed to trace every contour of your figure. Your face burned in embarrassment; still cursing yourself for this stupid sleazy costume you were wearing. You couldn’t help but squirm, trying to escape its perverse leer though you knew it was futile. The clown’s gloved hand came to grip your chin tightly, his thumb grazing over your bottom lip while he watched you struggle.

“What do you *want?*” you spat, trying to seem tougher than you felt at the moment. You hoped that you could fake confidence and gain control of the situation. This was not the case. You may could’ve fooled yourself eventually, but that smirk was proof that the façade wasn’t working on the clown. It closed the distance between the two of you. Close enough that now you could now feel the hot, stale breath of the monster on your neck, erecting goose pimples on your skin with every heavy pant. The clown inhaled deeply, chuckling again as he relished the sweet aroma of your fear. Suspicions arose in your mind that the scent of your fear was having a pheromonic effect on it. *Repulsive*. The clown knew what frightened you, and he was *enjoying* it. Your throat felt rough and dry, no longer able to ignore the fact that it was grinding against you. Claws had ripped through the tips of his once gloved fingers, now gripping your hips painfully tight. Bloody crimson streams of drool trailed down its chin and dripped onto the valley of your chest.

“You seem like such a smart girl, *real* smart. I just know a brilliant girl like you has caught on by now,” said the clown. He chuckled

darkly as the tips of his claws ghosted down your abdomen. "Would you like to do your pal Pennywise a favor? You see, soon, I must return to my *loooong* slumber. But before I do, I have some business to take care of. My offspring, I need someone to bear them."

You shook your head no, but it- Pennywise, merely laughed in response. "Perhaps," it started, wagging a finger at you, "You should make up your mind, little clown." That finger wasted no time finding its way under the skirt of your costume, claw dragging its way across the contradictory dampness that had seeped through the fabric of your panties. You shivered at the touch, face flushing madly. You attempted to turn away, but once again the clown's hand gripped your chin, forcing you back to face it.

"Aw, why so shy?" it asked, exaggerating a frown. The playful demeanor on its face quickly grew stern. "I know exactly how to solve that." Then, the clown's mouth suddenly and horrifically transformed into a grotesque toothy maw. The majority of its face was now lined with layers of razor sharp fangs, like some sort of Lovecraftian nightmare. Scared stiff, you found yourself unable to look away. This would prove to be your undoing, as a bright pulsing orange light glowed in increasing intensity from the void that you could only consider its throat. Absolute terror overcame you as you saw past your earthly understanding into something you could never begin to comprehend; yet you still could not turn from it. Completely transfixed, your mind began to escape you the longer you gazed into the deadlights. In mere moments, your sanity had slipped away. The light had faded from your eyes. You were now under the complete control of the clown.

"Good girl," Pennywise cooed, brushing your hair out of the way of your grey, lifeless eyes. "Very good girl." The touches were now gentle, delicate. There were no claws, no sign that the gloves had ever been ripped in the first place. Its face had returned to normal as well. Pennywise was smiling at you. You smiled back, now placid, almost blissful- utterly indifferent to whatever terrors it could have in store. Pennywise positioned itself between your legs, which you instinctively spread, allowing it full access. The clown removed its pants, exposing itself to you. What hid beneath Pennywise's trousers was so alien, so unfamiliar, unlike anything you had ever seen

before. There happened to be a strange cavity between its legs, a slit similar in nature to a human vagina however lined with the same disturbing teeth you had seen previously. Emerging from this hole were plenty tentacles- dark, thick, and sticky.

Pennywise pinned you down, though this wasn't a necessity because you had no desire to run anymore. The tendrils squirmed around under your skirt, looking for an opening before slithering under your panties. After clumsy prodding, the tentacles located your entrance. With a thrust, Pennywise managed to penetrate you to the hilt. It hissed and growled lowly once fully sheathed. The cold, sharp teeth of his genitalia brushed against your hot, slick folds. The tendrils thickened as they delved deeper into your core. The girth of their bases stretched you as they wriggled further inside.

"Why so silent? Clown got your tongue?" Pennywise teased, laughing giddily. Your senses were overwhelmed. If you were able to, you would surely cry out in a mix of excruciating pain and scorching pleasure. But the clown knew that it had rendered you mute. At this point, you were no more than a living doll for it to play with or a warm hole for him to fill.

The base of one of the thicker appendages began to swell in size as something, hard and round, began to push its way down. From another tentacle, a similar lump soon followed. Then another. Another.

Eggs.

The monster- it was laying eggs inside of you. Your mind was slow to process this, and once you did you did not panic. They bumped along inside your pussy, rubbing and teasing your sweet spots along the way, sending you over the edge. The first egg reached the end and was deposited into your womb with a slick *pop*. One after another, the eggs settled in your body. Even as the costume you wore began to feel tight around your swollen midsection, full of the clown's brood, you were calm as ever. You lay obediently below it as it continued to pump more monsters into you.

Time was a concept foreign to you now. You were completely unaware of how long you were being fucked. Your body was weak and buzzing from countless orgasms. Pennywise had released his

grip from your wrists at this point, now holding your waist tight as he fucked the last of his spawns into you. Your hand absently rested on your belly- now round, tight, and slightly hot to the touch. Lazily rubbing the sore skin, you could feel the eggs as they churned inside. How strange did it feel; they tickled almost. You couldn't help but giggle. That's all you could do now. Pennywise flashed a toothy smile, his drool again dripping all over you. "You like that?" it asked. You only responded with a nod.

"*Good,*" laughed Pennywise. "Better get used to it."